GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Is Man a Reasoning Animal or Creature of Impulse?

Two Significant Cases and Their Moral.

Public Opinion and Law Court Judgments.

[Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, May 16, 1885 -Two significant cases, that of a police officer named Crowley, charged with assaulting a little girl in a barroom of a low dance house, and that of an insurrace agent named Munsell, who was a juror in the case of the people against the Irishman Short, who was charged with assaulting the Irishman Phelan, accused of malfessance in that he visited O'Donovan's den while serving as a juror, are startling instances of the tendency of the American people to allow prejudice to sway their feelings, driving them in absolute herds and droves along the common pathway, regardless of the goal toward which they contend. Leaving aside altogether the question of guilt or innocence, so far as Crowley is concerned, let me explain the case. A gathering of young people is held on Saturday night in a common dance house, connected with which is a bar-room. They dance all night, not only men and women, but boys and girls. Many girls, among them the al- | a single night into his most relentless eneleged victim of assault, went unattended by male escort, and at 2 or 3 o'clock Sunday morning were enjoying the festivities of the occasion with a promiscuous acquaintance there met. In company with Crowley, the girl Maggle Morris went down stairs to a saloon to get some sarsaparilla. He urged her to take something stronger. The bartender left the room, locked the door, I and the two remained there for some time. The girl then left the room and went on to the street, where her companions were en roote for home. Up to that time nothing had been said of any trouble. To one of her companions she told a very exciting story. The companion told it to the others, and then, urged by them, the girl went to the station house and made an explicit charge of assault. A quick-witted reporter en a morn-ing journa' heard the story, developed it into a sensation, interviewed the girl, interviewed the poiceman, procured a picture of each, panied blished the harrowing details, accompaning to the wood out caricatures, on the followby morning. From that time until now a very whirlwind of indignation has swept rough the social strata of this metro-The officer was indicted, brought to trial, and put to judicial torture in the unprecedented time of less than a week from the day of the alleged assault. Not a single paper had the manliness to suggest that there might be two sides to this story. Not a solitary lawyer stood up in defence of this man, save the one who was hired, and whose standir g ien't particularly notable in New York. Everybody joined the hue and cry. Guilty or innecept, the result must, of necessity. have been the same. Here, apparently, was youth against age, virtue against vice, a girl against a man; and, of course, everybody instantly sided with the one as against the other. The man had no more chance for a fair trial before a jury of the vicinage than a wounded blackbird would have in the midst of a flock of sparrows. The other case

MUNSELL, THE JUROR. Here were two Irishmen. One accused the other of attempted assassination, and the accused's single retort was that he was defending himself against attempted assassination by the other party. These cheerful "patriots," I suppose we must call them, had met in the den of another patriot. Jeremiah O Donovan, who, for some occult reason, styles himself Rossa, and there, in congenial company, with oaths and imprecations and other patriotic lingo, they fought with knives and pistols. The natural desire of this country that one and all had been swept away by a common carnage stirred the community to its innermost heart. Regardiess of rhyme or reason, an indictment was found, and as soon as the witnesses could be got together the trial proceeded. Such a scene as that court presented. Such a gang of patriots as were there disclosed. Such an odor of pure and undefiled love of country as made the room sickening to its ordinary occupants. However, the trial proceeded and although the verdict "not guilty" was in perfect harmony with the insufficient evidence educed, and the only one under the circumstances that the jury could have righteously delivered, the judge upon the bench opened his mouth with stentorian denunciations of the jurors collectively and individually, and notified them that they were unworthy to sit in the seats they occupied, and that, so long as he had control of the court, they should never be charged with that high office again. It isn't my present intention to discuss the functions of a judge under such circumstances, although I have a very clear idea that, so long as we are burdened with the farce of trial by jury, the conscience of each individual juror is quite as much to him as the conscience of the judge upon the bench is to him. The district attorney, whose office signally failed to impeach the testimony given by the defence, stood on his head and wagged his official ear, not to mention his official tongue in the most vehement denunciation of these jurors. In this they were backed by the entire people. Every newspaper falminated fiercest dedunciations of the jary and their verdict, it was a clear case of Tweed over again. If the jury had found Short guilty, they would have been applauded. But they found him not guilty, therefore they were denounced. In other words, the judge, the district attorney and the press, who were not charged with the finding of a verdict, saw fit to impress upon the jurors their ideas, and because the jury didn't agree with them they have been raising cain ever since. Mr. Muntell I have known for many years. He is a native of New England, the agent of a great northwestern insurance company; a calm, placid, honest, conscientious man of birth and breeding. It seems that according to the strained interpretation of the law he committed an offence in seeking to make clear

in his own mind by a VISIT TO O'DONOVAN'S DEN the absurd diagrams laid before the jury by the presecution. He ought not to have at all, there being nothing against him, he gone, but in his innocence and in his desire bad a clear field before him, and found not to do the square thing he did go. All the people and the press wanted a victim, and the presecution wanted badly a scapegoat, so Mr. Munsell was arrested, brought into court and put under heavy bonds to answer for his heinous offence. For a while it looked as though anything but justice would be metted out to him. It looked as though, in spite of his long residence here as a man of repute not only, but of character, he was to be made a sacrifice of to the combined fury be made a sacrifice of to the combined fury contains a such elevation? Not at all. There was no pretence of that sort so far as the independent contains a such elevation? Not at all. There was no pretence of that sort so far as the independent contains a such elevation? Not at all. of a disappointed people. It reminds me of two great cases, in one of which the people might indelibly brand deep in the minds of were right so far as facts facts were concerned, in the other of which they were I the forged proxy, and what they idiotically | individual who used the whip on him.

wrong so far as facts and inferences were concerned, and where not only the raling power of a great State was overturned, but the policy of the entire National Administration was wrested from the hands of the Republicans and given over to the control of the Democracy. The first is the case of William M. Tweed. My acquaintance with Mr. Tweed dated from 1868 until the time of

bis death. From 1869 to 1873 inclusive I saw him half a dozen times a week, not intimately but in close political relations. I watched his start, his progress, his marvellous rise into popularity, and shared with a score of thousands of New York's wisest people admiration for his ability and absolute faith in his integrity. I have before me at this mo-ment a subscription paper to which are ap-pended the names of the best known people in the city of New York for the purpose of raising funds for the casting and erection of a mammoth statue of William M. Tweed on the Tweed Plaza at the Fifth avenue entrance to Central Park. There never was a man in New York city before whom the rich tax-payers bent the knee of recognition. There never was a man in the city of New York before whom the poor swung the censer and burned the incense of praise and compliment more than to that same William M. Tweed. Disappointed avarice laid its hand upon the knob of the door of discovery. Greed, lust for money and a desire for revenge brought about the publication of sundry documents which had been in the hands of reputable men in this city for years, leading to the unveiling of a series of systematic frauds before which even the mammoth Mississippi bubbles of Law and his associates years ago "pale their ineffectual fire." Led by opposition politicians, encourage 1 by an all but unanimous press, the people who had vied with each other in a hurrah of admiration of this man and his methods turnel in mies and defamers. As you know. Mr. Tweed never bad a trial for any of the frauds he was charged to have committed. That he committed the frauds I believe. I have no doubt of it, because I read the charges and saw in print the proofs, but no judge ever sat upon a bench when

WILLIAM M. TWEED WAS CONFRONTED with a jury who were to decide whether he was guilty or innecent of the crimes charged | wielded over them in mass by the careless, gainst bim. The only time he was ever brought face to face with a jury was when he was charged with malfeasance as a member of a board of audit, the special act of maifeatance being the fact that, instead of the board sitting as a board, their papers and conclusions, prepared by their clerk, were sent to each individual member of the board in his individual office. This, according to the ruling of the court, was malfeasance, and the jury found him guilty. Judge Davis acsuraly ruled that he could sentence Mr. Tweed on each count in the indictment, and graciously directed that be should be confined to the penitentiary for twelve years. At the expiration of one year, however, our highest court, seat of appeals, decided that Davis was wrong and that Tweed had suffered all the law contemplated. He may have been indicted-I don't know how that wasbut he was never brought to trial charged with theft, which corruption, with stealing or with crookedness, so far as the public funds were concerned. Do you believe it would have been possible for William M. Tweed to have bad a fair trial in this county? Why, when he was brought into court on the first charge, and his counsel offered bail, the then city juege, Bedford, in open and absolute defiance and utter disregard for the provisions of the law, committed him to jail at the instigation of Charles O'Conor, one of the narrowest minded lawyers that ever pleaded in our courts, refusing him the privilege that the constitution gives to every man, high or low, rich or poor. Tweed was instantly taken before a judge of the supreme court, who I ughed as he read Judge Badfords commitment, and instantly released Tweed upon bail for years. Absolutely right as it was, standing on all fours, with equity, with justice and the plain provisions of the constitution, the judge was then and there threatened by Charles O'Conor, in sneering tone and offensive gesture, with impeach-ment. The judge was right, O'Conor was wrong, and Tweed was set at liberty. Now don't go off on the wrong tangent. I am not defending Tweed. I am not saying that Tweed was an innocent man. I simply reiterate that he was never prov-en guilty in a court of jus-tice, and, further, I say that public opinion was such that, in my judgment, he never would have had a fair trial in the city and county of New York any more than I believe this police officer Crowley could have a fair trial in the present state of the public mind, or that the juror Munsell, if he were not an exceptionally clean-skirted man, could have stood up in the face of a unanimous public opinion and dare the judge and the district attorney to prove the faintest of their insinuations against his character. The other case to which I refer is of more recent date than that of Tweed. When the Republican convention met in Saratoga in 1882, I think, Judge Folger was nominated. Prior to the sitting of the convention, the State committee held a meeting, at which

A FORGED PROXY,

or a bogus dispatch purporting to bes proxy. was received by Police Commissioner French of this city, enabling the administration people to have a controlling voice in that committee. That bogus proxy and the action of that committee had no more to do with the subsequent nomination of Judge Folger than my black dog Prince has to do with the day of judgment. He was nominated against blind pool Cornell by a majority so significant that there wasn't a peep of dissatisfaction afterward, and it wasn't until the New York Herald brought into conspicuous prominence the story of the forged proxy that anybody knew or cared aught bout it. A cunning twist was given, and the people got it into their heads that in some way or other Judge Folger had received a bogus nomination. Well, you might just as well attempt to explain to a bull in a china shop that he was in a wrong place, and that he would be more agreeable as a visitor in the stall of a neighboring barn, as to try to explain to the people that they were on a wrong track, and that poor Judge Folger, who was down in Washington attending to his duties as secretary of the treasury, had nothing to do with it, knew nothing of it, and was in no sense benefited by it. It made no difference. Public opinion was formed. Even so intelligent a men as Henry Ward Beecher talked about the forged prexy and the bogus proxy, and the necessity of all right minded men standing together and sternly rebuking such pernicions methods. It ran through the State like wild fire. The comic papers made fan of it, the illustrated papers printed fac similes of it, so that when Grover Cleveland was nominated in Buffalo, not being well known bad a clear field before him, and found not enty the Democratic hosts following his banner, but absolutely two thirds of those whom he might have expected to oppose him, eager and anxious to place him in the seat of power. Why? Because he was the man for

supposed was its outcome, the remination

of Judge Folger. Now, mind you, this was not in the great centers alone, New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, but in every hamlet and town of this great State, this sentiment permeated the entire population as absolutely as the leaven permeates the entire lump. The consequence was the

RLECTION OF GROVER CLEVELAND by the unprecedented, and I may add, with more or less enjoyment, by the never duplicated, majority of 192 000 votes in the Empire State. Now what is the effect? The potency was New York was taken from the right hand of the Republicans and placed in the right hand of the Democrats, Every New Yorker of prominence in the Democratic party was instantly shelved, so far as Presidential aspirations were conserned. Every Democrat of prominence in the Eastein and entire Northern and Middle States was shelved, so far as Presidential prospects were concerned, and when we all went cavorting out to Chicago, did we go for the purpose of selecting a Democratic standard bearer. Not at all. We went there solely and absolutely to indorse what was a foregone conclusion, the nomination of Grover Cleveland, not because he had proven an exceptionally great or wise or good man, but because the accident of this forged proxy incident of two years before had made h's Democratic nomination a Democratic certainty in the gubernatorial mansion in the city of Albany, Great oaks from little accros grow was a wise saying, and never was there a fitter, a better, a more completely rounded illustration of it than the defeat of Judge Folger, the consequent election of Grover Cleveland, and his subrequent Presidential nomination and elevation to the chief magistracy of the United States of America, Is men then a reasoning animal? Or is he a creature of impulse? Does man as a rule lay down a programme and follow it to its legitimate and normal conclusion? Or does he allow himself to be influenced by the passions, the prejudices, the actions of the crowd that surround him? Like all men in my profession I meet hundreds every day who talk and chatter and express what they are pleased to call opinions about this, that or the other thing. I reckless statements made in the news columns of the day's journals. I will do them the justice to record that, so far as editorial opinions go, masses of men are rarely, hereabouts at all events, influenced by them. I have often thought about that, and I came to | serge is made into a double-breasted jacket the conclusion long ago that editorial expressions of opinions are like the expressions of earnest advocates on any side of the question. They rarely affect any purpose. A simple statement of fact causes weight a hundred times where the expression of opinion would fall dead. We are just now in a perfect whirlwind of praise of President Cleveland and are forced to wade through an immensity of apology for him day in and day out. The unanimity with which the press of New York supported Cleveland, he being the candidate of the Democratic party, and several of these papers being either independent or Republican, had a most humorous side to it, and now, when we find certain appointments of the new President giving gross and grave offence to those independent newspapers, in spite of which they are compalled, with smiling countenances, to swallow them and apologize for them, the humorous phese is somewhat intensified. Regardless of the A wide tash may complete such a dress for a guilt or innocence of

POLICE OFFICER CROWLEY, 999 men in every 1,000 who read the exaggerated stories of the daily press were ready to join a lynching party and tear the man limb from limb. Regardless of Juror Munsell's long established character, so great was the popular indignation at the verdict rendered in the case of the Irish "patriots," neither of whom unfertunately succeed in killing the other, that they quickly and eagerly jumped for the Munsel straw and hurraked with delight when they thought they detected an opportunity to visit their righteous indignation upon somebody. Nothing is easier, unless it be to start a newspaper, than to raise a mob. This is particularly to e case in this great city, where, unfortunately, the worst elements control the ballot boxes, where liquor saloons, licensed and unlicensed, are open day and night to inflame the passions and excite the worst feelings of the brutes who, having lived here a few months, find their way to the bailot box, which is neglected by the American born, and rules us with rods of won. What the outcome of this tendency of the American peop'e, by which term 1 susppose I must include the patriots who left their country for their country's good, and the scoundrels who sought refuge here from punishment for their crimes in the land of their birth. dare not say, I dare not venture to predict, but it is a terrible fact that our crowds seem to lese their heads in times of danger, and, when they are called upon for expressions of calm, unbiased opinion, they are of no more consequence than a goose would be upon the field of battle. Wherever the crowd goes, go the majority. The man who calls out peace, patience, equity, justice is met with the repellant cry coward, recreant, criminal. All our cities are bad enough, but in this respect New York takes the cake.

The Borrowed Horse.

["Tachyhippodamia," by W. J. Pellow.] "I will relate a little circumstance that took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse extremely gentle and of such an easy, agreeable gait that he took the greatest care of him and held him at a great price. A well-fed big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbor- one who liked the good things of this world as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the city of Mexico and take a dinner with the boarny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just around the capital, and, as his requests were granted with so good a grace, he, in a short time, went so far as to ask the lean of this favorite animal to go to Cuernayaca, a distance of eighteen lesgues. As this happened pretty often, our friend complained to me one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days, and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so. I dressed myself in the friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin but that of too much gentleness. Going out I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a few days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he come to my store. 'Your remedy,' said he, 'has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, perfectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. For when the holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him, he was so frightened, and wheeled round so quick, and flew away from him with so much terror, that one would have said that he took him for the destroying angel.' The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all baste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy water, and never asked my friend fer his horse sgain." In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the

FASHION AS IT FLIES.

Some of the Latest Spring Fashions for the Fair Ones.

Misses Wash-Dresses-Dress Trimmings-Inexpensive Bonnets.

For misses' wash-dresses the selections for morning are Scotch ginghams, percales, linen lawns, and prints of nice quality in small agures, bars, or stripes. As these dresses are to endure hard usage and to be frequently washed, it is poor economy to buy anything but the best qualities for them. The yoke waist, belted, and worn with a plain round skirt tucked above the hem, is a favorite design for such dresses, and one easily laundried. The yeke may be tucked, or else striped with insertion; the belt may also be of insertion, and a sash bow attached at the back is made of the material, tucked across the ends and edged with scalloped embroldery. Other print dresses of white or ecru ground striped with blue or red, or else with tapestry like figures printed upon them, are made with pleated or shirred waists that are belted only on the sides. Girls of twelve to fourteen years wear their dresses buttoned behind, while those of fifteen or sixteen may fasten theirs in front, though many young ladies of seventeen or eighteen have so me of their prettiest dresses of white veiling or of cashmere fastened behind. For afternoon and evening dresses misses wear white mull dresses with shirring around the neck and above and below the belt. With this is a house-maid skirt tucked almost to the shirring, or else made plainer with perhaps two or three ruffles at the foot edged with Valenciennes lace. A sash of striped or of watered look with perfect amazement at the influence | ribbon completes this dress. Sprigged muslins and dotted Swiss muslins are made in broidered ruffles.

The jauntiest jackets of, red, blue, or golden brown serge are made for young girls to wear on cool days. The bright poppy red that may be either loose or tight in front; it is much shorter behind than in front, and has no pleats in the back. The stitchings in' rows are trimming enough for this gay jacket, which will be exceedingly pretty with all light summer dresses. The blue serge jackets rre similarly made, and trimmed with wide white Hercules braid, while the light brown sacques have either gilt or ecru mohair braid in many narrow rows.

Pretty white muslin and linen lawn dresses for misses are made with a fitted basque that is worn with a belt of velvet ribbon that has a bow on the side. The skirt has two gathered flounces, tucked and edged with scalloped embroidery. White nuns' veiling remains in favor for nice dresses, and is made with a plain cuirass waist buttoned or laced behind, fitting as smoothly as a jersey, and wern with a skirt laid in pleats, on which are many rows of narrow white satin ribbon. stout girl, but for a slender figure there should be an apron over-skirt that is merely a Greek apron in front, with sash loops and ends behind.

BUGLES, BRAIDS AND BEADS.

Jet bugles and colored bands are worn as much if not more than ever for trimmings and ornaments for hais and bonnets. Fringes, lace, braid, feathers, and ribbons are more or less threaded or embroidered with them. There are few, it any trimmings more effective and becoming than jet. Braiding in all widths are to be bought

ready to be laid on, but they really are more like braid lace, being made of fine mohair braid, a third of an inch wide, united by bars and wheels, worked in pure silk. These are to be had in white, black and colors. Industmous fingers can easily produce these at bome for a quarter less than that for which they are purchased. For bodices a beautiful material is in woven beads, the foundation either grenadine or firm silk. It can be cut in any shape without fear of the beads drop-

The newest buttons for dresses are of perforated metal of the coin shape, with antique and mediaeval designs; gold and silver is often mixed in classic figures, warriors'heads, and other devices, but bullet buttons, made of a composition to resemble onyx in all colors, are used for cotton and wool dresses; also perforated steel coin buttons and metals. INEXPENSIVE BONNETS.

Very cheap straw bonners are not always worth buying, though one of navy blue rough straw costing only ten cents has been known to do good service on a European tour, and to look very pretty with its ribbons of dark red and blue veivet. A dark straw bonnet that does not crack when rather roughly used in the purchaser's hands will doubtless wear well, and a cream white rice straw, which is oply slightly rough surfaced, kept its color through three summers, and was worn through one winter besides by having the crown covered smoothly with a bit of figured velvet, the front and strings being already of velvet. For this reason of doing long service, velvet is one of the most economical trimmings, and for other reasons too, as it farniches well; its thick, heavy pile requires only a small quantity; and because, at the end of winter, velvet ribbons lined with satin can be beught for eight to fifteen cents a yard in nice qualities and choice color. These ribbons, from one to two inches wide, are chosen in white velvet, poppy red or bright yellow to form a "donkey's ear" bow that is now pointed in a cluster on the front of the bonnet slightly to the left. It is also used with fewer loops and many notched ends for apparently tying a bouquet of flowers directly on top of the bonnet. Strings are also formed of these inexpensive ribbons. They begin each side of the center of the crown and are folded narrowly, pass down to the point on each side, and one string is left as a short notched end, while the other has a small bow of velvet set upon it and an end. This is cooler to wear and much easier to make than the leaf bows cut from bias vel-

For dress bonnets sadies now use odd bits of material so well combined that they say they can wear the the bonnet at any season of the year, and appropriately too. Some cashmere lace of many colors, or else some ecru Egyptian lace, that is, embroidery on net, some yelvet, either cream white, poppy red, or pale blue, perhaps a little gilt lace, and a good bouquet of flowers, with an aigrette or some short tips of ostrich feathers, make up a bonnet capable of being often varied by merely changing the lace or the velvet strings at the throat. For a round hat a scarf, of which there are many at small expense, may be passed around the crown carelersly, and the pointed ends stood upward against the crown in front; then a bunch of daisies, sweet-peas, thistles, or ragged sailors may be placed there. The brim must be faced with velvet. For a very simple straw bonnet for either old er young get a good black Belgium straw of small size, and have it bound with a full puff of velvet, black, blue, or brown, with a throat bow to match beginning the ribbons in the centre of the crown. Then buy an etamine or striped Here is the little scarf of any of the varied kinds that cost door, in need of help.

from \$1 to \$2 in the shops, and make it in a large bow on top, and the bonnet is complete. The long-looped Alsacian bow made of such a scarf is becoming to many, while others look better in a higher bow with all the scarf massed on top of the bonnet in the most effective manner. The human face should be oval, and the dressing of the hair and the arrangement of the bonnet trimming should be done with regard to producing this effect. Before buying a new bonnat the purchaser must decide whather her hair is to be worn high or to be brought down in a Catogan braid.

AT HOME.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

At home we keep our treasures, the preciout Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Chilcren, Husband, Wife: At Home we lay faundations for coming good And start out on the journey up life's uneven

At Home.

At Home.

At Home we build heart temples wherein we may enshrine The altars and the tables where our olive branches twine: At Home we ask and answer the questionings of And seek to find the narrow path up to the gate that's straight,

At Home we shun the broader way to gates tha open wide, And hold the path of rectitude when opening paths divide; At Home we trace the chart of Time, with mingled hopes and fears, Find pain and pleasure, sun and storm mid treasured smiles and tears,

At Home. At Home where loved ones gather, the purest joys we know, While holding closely in embrace our own, for At Home we drink of sorrow's cup, when falls affliction's tear. And greetings and farewells are said by those we hold most dear, At Home.

At Home we tire and wander, but though we We keep the range and reckoning of our magnetic star At Home, the dearest spot on earth, where deftly and with zest We weave life's web to lay it down and seek

eternal rest, At Home.

Good Housekeeping. LITTLE FOLKS.

"How can I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asks a prospective benedict. Has she a younger brother?

If so, consult him. "What is the matter with the baby?" asked a lady of a little girl, whose baby brother she understeed to be ailing. "O! nothin' much," was the answer. "He's only hatchin' teeth.

A Sunday-school teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized, "Yes," why, how could that be?" exclaimed the teacher. "It didn't take the first time," laid the little girl.

Little Dick-"Is you going to be my new br ther?" Mr. De Rien (accepted suitor)-"Yes, my little fellow." "You is goin' to get hitched to my sister, ain't you?" "Your lovely sister and I are ere long to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony." "I'd like to see 'em." "See what?" "The bonds. Sister has been blowin' about how many you have to everybody what comes at

A little Mt. Carmel four year old, who is of an inquiring turn of mind, while listening to his mamma's lullaby,"Put away those little dresses," interrupted her to ask, "What dead was," The young mother, who always tries to explain so that her boy may understand replied, "A person is dead when his heart stopps to beat." After musing a moment the little fellow exclaimed, "But mamma where do the beats go A few days ago this selfsame boy received a box of bananas from grandma. As mamma was about to return her thanks for the fruit, she called her little son and said, "Well, Clifton, what shall mamma say to your grandma about these nice bananas?" Whereupon he at once answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Tell Dranma me sends a bushel ob tisses, and tell her to send some mor'."

Lead Us Not Into Temptation. Little Minnie's mother had several times spanked her for going out into the street. The other day as the groceryman was leaving the house, Minnie called to him and said:

"Wbv?" 'So I can't get out."

"Tome back an' shut the gate,"

The Small Boy. No more with cold the small boy's nose At early morning tingles;

And, as the weather warmer grows. His hair his mother shingles. Soon to the placed pool he'll hie, Whose banks wild flowers bespangle, And as the sunny hours glide by For hornpouts he will angle. Perbrps he'll of the water feel,

And where he thinks it warmest, Upon the bank he'll quickly peel And plunge right in head foremost; O'er bathing suits he makes no fuss, Their texture or their trimming; In puris naturalibus-That's how he goes in swimming.

Wouldn't Admit of Examination. Enfant Terrible (who is spending the afterpoon at the Smiths'). "My mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. S. (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it). "Like me, my dear? I take that as a compliment indeed from so very pretty a lady as your mamma. You're quite sure it was I, Johnny, that she

meant?" Johnny (socepting another cruller). "Oh, yes'm. She said that if she could have your health and strength, she believed she'd as lief look just as you do."

The Southern Negro.

[Joaquin Miller, in the Independent.] The largest half of the sixty thousand inhabitants is black, not mulatto. Tuesa two races down South are not going to mix. Whatever may transpire in the North, we msy as well settle down to the fact that that we are to have the black man with us while the flag wayes. He is not going to die; much less is he going to forget his color and his kind.

I have gone among the negroes here alone and quietly to see what they are about and how they live. They are idle, and they live miserably. There is work for them to do, but they are not disposed to do any work; cer-tainly no more than compelled to in order to exist. And yet, with all this misery, they

I sat at table with one family. The food was rice and sugar, and rice and molasses, and rice straight. And yet they all-sixteen in family—seemed sleek and happy. The rice—a third grade and very cheap—is boiled with a bit of bacon, and is not without nutri-

are bappy.

Briefly, but emphatically, the course of the black man here is not upward. The white man is going ahead here. The black man is falling far behind. Schools are here for him; but the back streets, the sandbanks, the gutters, are all alive and swarming with indo-lent, dirty and worthless little blocks of ebony that ought to be looked after. Here is the little heathen, right at our

MADAME LAMADRID'S LAMENT FOR LITTLE SUSIE.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON.

Like an angel child astray, Susie came to us, one day, -With the light of Paradise Shining in her wondrous eyes. Little Susie, sweet and fair, From her crown of silken hair, Dimpled cheeks and dainty lips, To her rosy finger tips.

With her wise and winning ways, In her prattle and her plays; Wooing leve and tenderness, Clinging arms and sweet caress Susie was, to mine and me, More than all the world could be.

Often, when within my room, Half concealed by twilight gloom, I sat thinking, and and sore, Of the loved ones gone before. Came a pattering on the floor, And, a little pleading face, Softly stole to my embrace-And, as some young dove might coo. Susie whispered, "I love yoo." Then the shadows took their flight, Busie's love made all things bright.

Blooming, like a tropic flower. Nurtured in a summer bower, She grew fairer every hour. All day long the merry beat Of her busy, little feet Made a music on the floor-Music we shall hear no more. And the light of Paradise, Lingering in her wondrous eyes, Gave a soft appealing grace To the fashion of her face.

But, alas, there came a day, When our darling went away-Love could not prolong her stay: Left us in our grief and pain, Never to come back again, Left us, in the darkness drear; All the light went out with her Eave the memory of the years Sorrow never stained with tears.

Folded in a robe as fair As her sister angels wear, Susie sleeps beyond all care-Sleeps with dimpled hands at rest, Like twin lilies on her breast; Sleeps beyond all pang and pain. All temptation, sin and stain, Sense of sorrow, gain or loss, In the shadow of His cross Who bath said, of such as she, On the shore of Galilee, "Suffer them to come to Me." Beech Bank, May 1855.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE AND IN-CIDENT.

Disappointment is not in the vocabulary of faith. Expectation is not faith, and our expectations are often disappointed.

Man's love ascends To finer and diviner ends Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.
—Sidney Lanier.

Thou makest full confession; and a gleam As of the dawn on some dark forest cast. Ecems on thy lifted forehead to increase. -La Divina Comedia.

He is a plous man woo, contemplating all hings with a serene and quiet soul, concaiveth aright of God and worshippeth him in his mind .- Epicarus.

of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the take of gaining tome advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good .-Cicero. London contains the oldest Dutch Re-

If we practice goodness, but for the sake

formed church in the world. It is built near the Bank of England and was built in 1243 by the Earl of Hereford and Essex. The material is stone and the style Gothic.

The Christian Advocate says: "A reasonable estimate justifies the opinion that more than 40,600 persons have professed conversion during the past three months and joined. or are intending to join, the Methodia: Episcopal church.

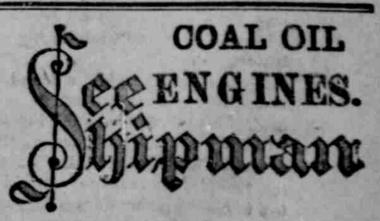
He that has something to do her less temptation to doubt than the man who has nothing else to do but to doubt. Heresies in the Christian church come never from the faithful pastor, never from the intense evangelist; but always from the gentleman at eass, who take no actual part in our holy war .- Spur-

In the United States there are 900 organized Universalist churches and societies, and they have about 766 churches and 700 ministers. About 40,000 families are members of the denomination, and their church property is valued at \$7,000,000. The doctrines were first preached by John Murry in 1770, and the first church was organized at Gloncester, Mass., 1n 1770.

Dr. Briggs, a professor in the Union Theological Seminary, affirms that "Presbyterian-ism is not a finality. It is a stepping-stone to something higher and grander yet to come." The something higher and grander. as we truly believe, is the historic church, from which Presbyterianism is a departure. It is not "yet to come;" it has come, and it is a finality.-Living Church.

The Catholic Review speaks of the rapid breaking up of Protestantism, just as some Protestants speak of the breaking up of Unitarishism, But the only breaking up that we know of is the breaking up of the ice, accompanied by a fructifying freshet of new interest. If a few old rotten dams are carried away, we shall not object to a breaking upof this kind .- Christian Register.

From an old publication of the records of 1810 concerning the Methodist denomination in the United States, it appears that in that year there were 174 500 church members, including 34,724 colored people. Of these latter, the Philadelphia conference furnished the largest number-10,714; and the South Carolina conference the next largest, 8 202. The Philadelphia conference also had the largest number of white members-22.975; and the Baltimore the next -18,864. There was an increase of membership, over the year 1809, of 11,527. Bishop Albany was in office then. The presiding elder of the Boston district was George Pickering, and of the New London district, Elijah Hadding, To show how the Methodist church has gained since 1810, we may add that the total membership now is 4,000 000. Their authorized preaching number, 27,000.



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